

A CHRISTMAS PICTURE PUZZLE.

Study for the Little Folks.



An easy puzzle for little folks' sharp eyes. Here you may find not only Santa Claus, but his deer and sleigh, a Christmas tree, a Christmas turkey, a bad little boy who was skipped by St. Nick, a good little boy and his good little sister and some of the toys they received.

MISS KRIS KRINGLE.



Here's a novel Santa Claus
Reining in her trusty steeds;
Steadily and true they serve her,
Eagerly they fill her needs.

(Copyrighted, 1900, William H. Miller.)

'Tis a strangely mixed condition,
Tell me, is it not, I pray?
Instead of reindeer in the harness
Here's a deer within the sleigh.

JEAN C. HAYES.

PROGRESSIVE HAZING:

WE have hazing little brown men in the islands of the sea. We're going to make them worthy to be numbered with the free; We teach them how to exercise to get a proper form. Themselves they cannot govern till we've done with our reform. And when we've hazed them into shape and all their heads are cleft, A reservation's good enough to hold the few that's left. The march of progress heretofore has proved on every hand The mighty Anglo-Saxon race will settle all the land. When God Almighty made us free He had those later in mind.

A Survey, More or Less in Rhyme, of West Point and the Philippines.

Our share of land worth grabbing up lies know that we would find; And when we burn a village or we rob them of their wives We're doing them a kindness they'll remember all their lives. We learned 'way back in school days how to civilize a man By testing him for courage on the caymans pepper plan. We're grateful for the knowledge that we got so long ago; We're shooting down with rifles men who use the wooden bow. Tobacco juice isn't in it with the "hell sauce" that we mix And pour from belching cannon when we catch 'em up to tricks. We drive them from their houses and we burn their simple thatch. We give full freedom—with a shot—to every one we catch. Why, freedom's for the gentlemen who hold it with their guns— The hazing that we're doing turns our West Point tricks to puns. We'll make of Spain's fat province one that's rather poor and lean; We'll make a howling wilderness of every village green. And when the natives all are dead, to recompense the loss We'll teach some other foreign folk to drink tobacco sauce.

J. OTIS SWIFT.

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A CHEERFUL PROSPECT FROM THE LAST CHRISTMAS OF THE CENTURY.

This day is and has been for more than fifteen centuries the conventional day for peace-talk—for speeches, sermons, hymns, prayers public and prayers private on the subject of peace. On this day throughout Christendom all pious people who do the proper thing at the proper time have been accustomed to cry aloud with unctuous voices and upturned eyes: "Let there be no more war. Let the wicked nations cease from troubling the righteous nations. Let no evil foreign-devil provoke us, good and peace-loving people that we are."

It sounds, it always has sounded, beautiful—as melodious and inspiring as the church-chimes tinkling over the snow-clad fields. But it hasn't amounted to very much. It has been a sort of amiable and praiseworthy buncombe.

If the only hope of ending war lay in this palaver about peace, in these protestations of peaceful intentions, the reign of peace would indeed be remote and the assembling of such conferences as The Hague Peace Congress would be bitter satire. Fortunately, forces stronger than human good-intentions have been and are at work to compel the human animal to behave itself and give up its passion for the killing of its kind wholesale, and strive really to attain its ideal of human brotherhood.

One hundred years ago to-day the palaver about peace and its beauties was just as vigorous as it is to-day. But it was, so far as human eyes could see, mere babbling. War was the chief industry of civilized human beings and seemed to be, if anything, growing in popularity. Its miseries visited every corner of every land, blighting but also brutalizing. The people longed for peace at times, not because they loved it but because they needed to gather their strength for more war.

War was the chief industry because it was the most profitable way in which the masters of men could employ the ignorant, brutal masses. The common man was distinctly valuable only as a war-hound. In time of peace he was a mere drudge, working no more profitably than a horse or an ox.

The masters of the packs of war-hounds liked and profited by the sport. The hounds did not profit by it, but they liked it. So there was a prospect of indefinite war.

What wrought the change? Why is the outlook at the end of the nineteenth century in such sharp contrast to the outlook at the end of the last century? Why, in spite of vast armaments and much threatening, does peace now seem manifestly ordained to a complete triumph?

Simply because science has found a more profitable use for the common man than acting as a blood-hound.

It has made him more useful in another way to the master-minds.

It has made him for the first time really capable of being of use to himself in a civilized way.

Within the century discovery and invention have made a complete revolution in human relations, tearing away the barriers between peoples and classes of the same people, compelling men, no matter how fiercely they resist, to a community of interests. And they have resisted and do resist fiercely. And every class that is dependent upon existing error for its power and income is fighting to the death. But all in vain. Science, truth, is more powerful far than ignorance and selfishness combined.

Science has emancipated the common man from the thralldom of ignorance and hopeless toil, has given him a property right in himself, has given him property.

Science has given the common man a value as a man where he was once valuable only as an animal.

Science has made peace more profitable than war, has made war enormously unprofitable, has made peace enormously profitable.

This is why talk about peace on earth, good will among men ought to sound less hollow, more hopeful to us to-day than it ever sounded before.

The millennium is not at hand. The temple of the war-god has not been closed, nor are the doors nearly shut. But those doors that have been flung wide since the very beginning are for the first time uneasy on their hinges. And the reason for hoping that they will close is not supernatural or sentimental, but eminently natural and practical.

Man, the modern industrial unit, is bound to be put to better use than "cannon-food."

THE RISE IN THE VALUE OF "CANNON-FOOD" IS A MORTAL BLOW AT WAR.

AS TO STRIKES.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked the clock. "He doesn't seem to have anything to do but wind me up." "No," replied the calendar, "he isn't working. He and his companions struck some time ago."

"Huh! Suppose I should stop working every time I struck?" "That's so, but I notice it freshens me up every time he takes a month off."

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

Mrs. Starvem—No, you can't sell me no cyclopedia. Good day! Book Agent—But I'd like to leave some prospectuses for your borders. I may interest some. Mrs. Starvem—They don't need it, either. There's a Boston lady stopping here.

EXPLAINED.

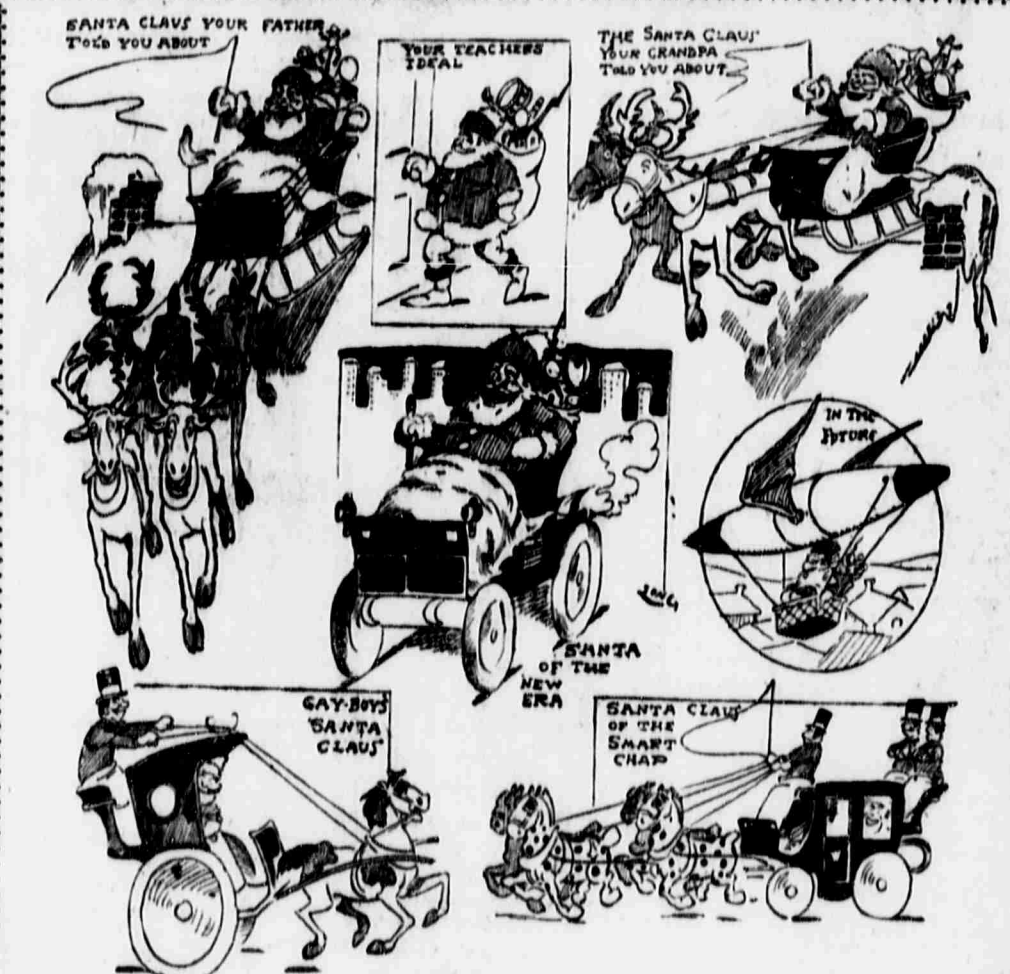
"This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our own preparation." "Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself." "I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'Before Using' clerk. The 'After Using' clerk is out at lunch. You should see him."

NO OCCASION.

"Dear father," wrote the young man who had gone to Arizona as a member of a party of government surveyors, "you told me when I left home that I ought to lay by a portion of my salary every month for a rainy day, but I haven't done it, because it never rains here. Please send me \$5."

KRIS KRINGLE IN ALL AGES.

Evolution of Santa Claus.



Showing how the good Saint keeps strictly up-to-date.

SLOW ABOUT GOING.

"It has always been my rule," said Mr. Borem, "to spend as I go." "Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock. "In that way I suppose you have saved considerable money."

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

"Mrs. O'Besa is getting awfully stout. I've heard of people spoken of as 'round,' but I never saw any person as round as she." "Oh, I don't know; there's her husband. He's a rounder."

POOR SMILE.

"Jimmie!" exclaimed the first boy, "teacher wallowed you like lightning, didn't he?" "No," replied the other boy, ruefully, "not like lightning. He hit too often in the same place."

EXPOSURE.



She—Have you an umbrella?
He—No, I've only a cane—and it's my Summer cane at that!

EASILY REMOVED.

"Do the American girls really affect men's clothes to any great extent?" inquired the English tourist. "Oh! no," replied the gallant native. "No? I thought they did." "No. Of course, a little complexion powder or rouge may stick to a fellow's sleeve occasionally, but that could hardly be said to affect the clothes."

NOT OFFICIAL.



Citizen—Look there, officer, it's after closing time. Do you mean to say that saloon isn't open?
Officer—How do I know? You'll have to wait till I ask the lieutenant.

THE CONNECTING LINK.



"In regard to the prolonged absence of Prof. White, the geologist, we are informed that several persons saw him on Bad Mountain last Wednesday."



"These same persons later on also saw a large cinnamon bear in the same locality. We are no alarmists, but—"

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She Keeps Him Guessing.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am a young man nineteen years of age and know a young lady whom I love dearly. I thought she thought something of me, but of late she has caused me a lot of thinking and worry. I met her one day and she said: "Hereafter my name is 'Miss' and yours 'Mr.' That made me sore, as I couldn't see what I had done. We made up, and everything was all right till one day I asked her to go to the theatre. She said she would. I went down and got the tickets and called for her on the night we were to go. Her mother came to the door, and I asked if her daughter was going, and she said she had been downtown all day and had retired. That hurt me very much. Advice me, please. J. N.
It is difficult to analyze a girl's actions when she behaves in this way. Some girls have a very attractive idea that it lends to their attractiveness to keep a man always in suspense as to his position in their affections. You are so very young that, if I were in your place, I should not be in a hurry in this particular matter. The young lady's treatment of you, after she had made an engagement to go to the theatre, was exceedingly rude. There is really no excuse for such conduct. If you have courage enough, leave this girl alone for a while. She may come to her senses.
Is This a Case of Love?
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am in great suspense. I am acquainted with a young man, twenty-

Wise Counsel for the Lovers; or, First Aid to Wounded Hearts.

three years old. I am eighteen. I think a good deal of him and am always thinking of him, no matter where I am. I would very much like to know if I am in love with him. He is very nice to me, but what annoys me is he talks of other young girls in my presence. If he is trying to make me jealous I don't know. But I would like your best advice. G. B.
I am sure I cannot tell whether you are in love with the young man or not. You should be able to settle that question for yourself. I imagine that the gentleman cannot be desperately in love with you. It is possible he is trying to make you jealous of him. Do not let him imagine that he can succeed in doing so. He will think you are not over-susceptible if he finds you are not over-susceptible. This fiancée declines to kiss.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am a young man, twenty-one years old, and am keeping company with a young lady, nineteen years of age, and she wants me to get married in June. I do not care to get married so soon, as I am only earning \$15 per week, and as my intended has never kissed me, I do not know if she really loves me. Kindly advise me. M.
I THINK, myself, that your intended is a little bit harsh with you; at the same time, I have great respect for the girl who respects herself. It is to be assumed that the girl really loves you, or she would not urge a marriage. If you have decided you do not care to start out in life on a salary of \$15 a week, I cannot see that the fact of the young lady's permitting you to kiss her would make the financial outlook any brighter. If the girl really and seriously prefers you to any one else she will wait—does she!

NEAT HOUSE GOWN.



For this neat gown of violet cloth the skirt is tucked lengthwise, the fullness below forming the flounce. A rich effect is secured by bands of Persian trim ming on the bottom of the skirt.